

# JOYFUL GREETING

1894. OUR HOLIDAY SUPPLEMENT. 1895.

"IT IS THE BLESSED CHRISTMAS-TIDE; THE CHRISTMAS LIGHTS ARE ALL AGLOW."—WHITTIER.

## SNOW-BOUND.



IT WAS Christmas Eve, and o'er the world  
A mantle white was fall'ng  
When Santa Claus set out to do  
His yearly round of calling;  
The dear old saint rejoiced to see  
A promise of good sleighing,  
For lots of snow was just what he  
A long time had been praying.

So greatly pleased was he to see  
Such charming Christmas weather,  
That gaily to his task he flew  
Of getting things together.  
His ample sleigh was put to rights  
And ice-lad fell to brimming,  
And soon along the country roads  
Old Santa Claus was skimming.

Now here, now there, his sprightly deer  
With airy lightness darted,  
As fresh when miles and miles away  
As when they first had started.  
The fleecy flakes kept coming down,  
The rambling footways hiding;  
Yet on and on they flew along,  
Like arrows swiftly gliding.

But ere his journey was quite o'er  
St. Nick met trouble dire;  
The roads kept filling up apace,  
The snow kept piling higher,  
And from his sight the earth was hid  
By flakes so thickly flying,  
He could not find the road at all,  
But still he kept on trying.

Here was indeed for Santa Claus  
An awkward situation,  
And one that for the moment filled  
His mind with consternation;  
The kindly soul was sad with fear  
That on the morrow morning  
Some disappointed little friends  
His absence would be mourning.

Still, trusting that kind Providence  
Would help him in his trouble,  
St. Nick his faithful reindeer steeds  
Their efforts urged to double;  
And often with a cheering word  
The jaded beasts he aided,  
While on ahead through snowdrifts deep  
To find the road he waded.

At length, amid the flying flakes,  
By chance old Santa sighted  
Not far away a signpost tall,  
Whereat he was delighted.  
The sign upon the post contained  
The welcome information  
That close at hand the road ran straight  
Unto his destination.

With hope renewed the good old saint  
Along the roadway struggled;  
And soon he reached a sleeping town  
Which in a valley nestled.  
Here ended Santa's Christmas calls  
And here his sleigh he lightened,  
Then homeward quickly off he sped  
Ere Sol the landscape brightened.

FRANK B. WELCH.

## A MERRY CHRISTMAS.

Do Some Act to Make It a Happy One for Your Neighbor.

Scarcely less wonderful than the mystery of the first Christmas night is the mystery of the perpetuation of the festival. It is a far cry enough from the shepherds who tended their flocks on the hillside of Judea, and the believing kings who followed the star from the east, to let us say, the average American citizen, and the modern rulers of kingdoms. Reverence and simple faith are not exactly the prevailing characteristics of the former, nor do the latter betray sufficient keenness of interest in things supernatural to warrant the supposition that they would leave their kingdoms and go forth laden with treasure, to follow a mysterious sign in the heavens. Yet withal Christmas brings its message to

## A FEARFUL CHANGE.



Dilly (in horrified whisper)—Mamma, Willy is an infidel.  
Mamma—An infidel?  
Dilly—Yes; he said he don't believe there's any Santa Claus.—Puck.

these as well as to their widely different prototypes of nearly two thousand years ago. The echo of the angelic voices that sang of peace on earth, good will to men, still resounds in the heavens on Christmas night; and brother is reconciled to brother, old enmities are laid away, past sins forgiven, and the bonds of friendship and family affection drawn tighter over the Christ-

mas festival known to the civilized world.  
A Merry Christmas, then, let it be to all! A divine religion is not a sad one. It brings peace to the heart, and joy is an exuberance of peace. Therefore let the bells ring out, and hang out the mistletoe, and bring on the smoking turkey, and gather round the fireside, and join in the frolics of the young-

If you have no fireside of your own to enliven, seek out the desolate hearth of some unfortunate brother. There are many forlorn little ones to whom an orange and a picturebook would be a foretaste of Heaven. Play Santa Claus to such, and you will find your Merry Christmas in the reflection of their innocent delight; or carry your greeting and your gift to some aged and lonely

## WHAT DOES IT MEAN?

A Happy New Year! What does it mean? Are not these words often thrown out as a greeting without thought or depth of meaning? Is it a year in which to ourselves come wealth and health, prosperity and friendship? One spent in the pursuit of fleeting pleasure and filled with self-centered

## A MEMORY.



WITHIN the quiet house of God  
This winter morning fair,  
The organ music softly thrills  
Upon the listening air;  
Then, mingling with the organ notes,  
The choir's sweet voices sound;  
While shepherds watched their flocks by night  
All seated on the ground.  
And straightway, from that blessed place  
My wandering fancies roam,  
Once more a little child am I,  
Within my childhood's home;  
I hear again my mother's voice,  
Her dear arms clasped me round,  
She sings how angel hosts "came down  
And glory shone around."  
The moonlight falls across the floor  
In bars of silver light,  
And many a merry sleighbell breaks  
The silence of the night,  
My head upon her loving heart  
In childish trust is laid,  
The while she sings of that first Babe,  
"In meekest garb arrayed."  
The pealing organ notes are still,  
The Christmas hymn is sung,  
I sit in my accustomed place,  
The reverent throng among;  
But sweet and low within my heart,  
There echoes all day long  
The memory of my mother's voice  
And of the angels' song.  
—E. M. Griffith, in N. Y. Observer.

## ODD NEW YEAR CUSTOMS.

Queer Ways of Giving Presents in the Olden Times.

There used to be a custom in vogue many years ago in placing all the New Year's gifts on the floor in a dark room where the recipients scrambled for them on their knees, and if they brought out other than their own they were fined a certain sum which was to be expended in addition to the good cheer. Bags of bran and baskets of shavings were used to conceal the gifts in, and the whole process was made as difficult and amusing as possible. The custom of giving New Year's presents dates back to the Saxons, who kept the festival with great ceremony and feasting. In the fifteenth century gloves were the most appreciated of any presents, being of the finest quality and handsomely decorated with gold and silver embroidery. A neat surprise was a sum of money inclosed in the gloves. A lord chancellor of England, Sir Thomas Moore, had won a difficult suit for a lady client, and she remembered him on New Year's day with a pair of gloves which had forty gold pieces sewed into them. Sir Thomas kept the gloves, but returned the money, saying that such lining made him uncomfortable. —Detroit Free Press.

## Poor Man.

One of the most melancholy sights in nature is a man trying to buy a Christmas present for a woman. He knows in a vague way that the present must not be a pair of suspenders or a shaving set, but when he comes to particularize the poor man lapses into perfect imbecility, and gives his sister the money and tells her to buy the present. —Boston Globe.

Christmas Eve,  
Little bits of stockings,  
Hung up in a row,  
Always make Kris Kringle  
Down the chimney go.  
—Detroit Free Press

## A DISTINGUISHED ARRIVAL.



"There's a new face at the door, my friend.  
A new face at the door."  
—Chicago Record.



SNOW-BOUND.

mas board and round the cheerful hearth. The rich and powerful still open their coffers and, with large-handed liberality, scatter their goods among the poor, thereby imitating the Magi of old; for is it not written: "Whosoever ye shall do unto the least of My brethren, ye shall do unto Me?" Thus, in spite of the evil forces with which modern materialism and infidelity are seeking to subvert the influences of Christianity, the Star of Bethlehem is still in the ascendant, and Christmas is the greatest and most joy-

sters—anything, everything, so that the day be merry, until hearts rejoice because Christ the Lord was born. Forget for a time the cares of business, the pressure of hard times, the threatening future. Lock up the family skeleton and, with it, all frowns and harsh words and the petty tyrannies and jealousies of common days. If you can lose the key of the closet, so much the better. If not, even the brief respite from ugly cares will leave its benediction in your heart, and quicken your longing for the return of the festival of peace.

episture whose last Christmas it will be on earth, and earn a blessing that will repay your efforts a hundredfold. There is, happily, no monopoly of the joys of Christmas. If they do not come to us, we can go to them. We have but to open our hearts and stretch out our hands, and the messengers of peace will come gladly trooping toward us. It will be our own fault if we have not each and all a Merry Christmas.—Once a Week.

A TAK on Incomes: Christmas.—Philadelphia Record.

interest? No! Rather let the wish be to each and all, as the New Year dawns with all its opportunities, that the days of 1895 may be well spent—filled with thought and sympathy for those around, and that in self-forgetting and kindly deeds the happiness of others may be ever sought, and then most truly will each net rebound again in joy and blessing to the heart from which it springs.—Christian at Work.

SANTA CLAUS will be just as well pleased if you distribute a few stockings instead of filling quite so many this year.